

THE UNION.

Published every Saturday at
St. George, Washington Co., Utah.

BY
Jos. W. Carpenter.
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

TERMS--IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year, \$1.50.
One copy, six months, .80.
One copy, three months, .45.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

	1 week	1 month	6 months	1 year
One inch,	\$1.00	\$2.75	\$5.00	\$12.00
1/2 column,	.75	2.00	3.50	9.00
1/4 column,	.50	1.50	2.50	6.00
1/8 column,	.25	.75	1.25	3.00

Local notices in reading type, ten cents a line, each insertion.

We respectfully request that contributors will hand in the general reading matter that they desire to appear in the ensuing issue, not later than Tuesday morning, and local items not later than Friday morning, of each week.

Address all communications to

THE UNION,
ST. GEORGE,
WASHINGTON CO., UTAH.

Entered at the Post Office at St. George, Washington Co., Utah, as second class matter, March 27, 1896.

Saturday, Oct. 16, 1897.

The Trials and Troubles of The Mule Editor.

No trouble to edit a paper, eh? No trouble to get it up and out on time, did you say? Miss Nobody's friend of the woman's suffrage society—ahem; no doubt you consider yourself a judge with a gigantic intellect, and ten horse brain power,—I mean brain power to wear and carry a waterfall, chinon, competent judge, no doubt of all of the ins and outs, trials and perplexities of a poor, weary, worn out, jaded, and almost broken hearted editor of a country tri-weekly sheet. Don't presume, madam, "that your proclivities for quill driving," and scribbling essays on poor, down-trodden woman entitle you to the position of either judge or juror in the masculine editorial sanctum. Don't flatter yourself that your single state of blessedness enlarges your microscopic views of the matrimonial difficulties arising from the continued increase of the almost never ending little connubial liberties. No, madam, I should consider myself highly censurable to admit anything so thin and transparent especially coming from one who never entered in, nor merged from the meshes of matrimony. I would rather take the verdict of a bouncing matron, fat and forty, who knows how to command a laundry, kitchen, cook stove and a regiment of pots and kettles, than the antiquated opinion of all of the snuff taking heroines 'twixt here and the lonesome island of twilight. No trouble to edit a paper, eh? Should like to see you try it. No I wouldn't come to think of it, you would commit suicide. Yes, madam, one day in a printing office alone, would make you feel like the

geographers say about the earth, flattened a little at both ends, and 45 minutes presidency in the sanctum or in the editorial chair would produce chronic crankiness or incurable insanity. We never knew of but one who did it and came out all right. She married the editor and now amases herself by darning his pants and cutting off sections of his shirt tail to mend his dickey with. I thought of this the other day when reading the nom de plume to an article written for the Woman's Champion signed "Lilly." All very fine I thought Miss Lilly, it puts me in mind of what the Scriptures say about the lillies, "they toil not, neither do they spin," only yarns that are not of unscrupulous veracity. Not much trouble to run a newspaper is it? I should like to see you sit down and try to write an editorial on the Rail Road Boom, or the decline of Popery in the Piede Nation, as I attempted to do last week when in comes Loaferson and bothers me two blessed hours on his able pitching at the last match of the Roughs and Reds. I hear the dying echos of his foot step on the stairs when up comes a red hot politician and swears that if I don't take back my entire article on the last county election and make an apology he will sue me for libel to the tune of ninety-seven million dollars. While he is fumeing in a paper man's sanctum with a bill for seventy-five dollars which must be paid. Like a machine I write, when in pops the sweet scented Dr. Ponton who has discovered a wonderful remedy for baldness and assures me that if I will take a box it will increase the circulation of my paper at least one hundred subscribers and deposits a box of the stinking compound right under my editorial nose. Yet still I write on, when a timid and unfortunate young lady hesitatingly asks if I want to hire a wet nurse, or will I please advertise her to fill such a liquid position. The plot thickens, so does my head, but the end is not yet. I am now summoned instantler to sit on a coroner's jury at the inquest of a poor Irishman who has eaten too much fried liver on a Friday. The time has come for me to act decisive on the premises so I lay down the potent pen, turn round and face my formidable array of tormentors, spit on my hands and pitch the famous pitcher Loaferson down stairs, and he looks rough and red by the time he finds himself foul and out. I next cool off the red hot politition with a bucket of type wash which gives him a blackmail appearance and his washwoman a job. I smile up on the paper man, give him five dollars and ask him to call again.

I take Dr. Ponton's bald head cure give him a box with my fist as an impostor and purge him from my sanctum, then turning to the wet nurse I dryly inform her, she is just the one I want as my wife has had twins lately. I cram a sheet of foolscap into my Dolly Varden hat compress it on my throbbing temples, and with coat tails in a straight line take a two forty gait for the inquest. Edit a paper?—madam, you couldn't have arranged your bangs in half that time. We sat on the poor Irishman, then evicted him. I rush to the sanctum determined to write an article setting forth that a preponderance of liver in the stomach is hurtful to the living, that Tutt's liver pills wont phase it no more than as much basswood. Once more in the editorial chair trying to finish my article on Piede Popery, when in comes Mr. Antiquarian and informs me that the prehistoric society have me engaged to give a lecture to-night at 8 p. m. on the excavation and probable depth of the hole in which the North Pole, was set. Again I settle down to write, when in comes my wife saying Simpkins, honey, I want a new bonnet, and the dear twins want a new pair of shoes, the flour bin is empty, there is no coal worth mentioning, the butcher has sent in his bill and I want a baby carriage so that me and the wet nurse can take out the dear little twins to see their aunt Jerusha. I scratch my head for there is no hair on it now, and try to smile sweetly, telling her to go to Mr. Sneedleton and ask for a trifle or so on his last 10 years delinquent subscription. Now comes the press man and wants my Popery editorial I tell him at half past twelve midnight it will be ready for him. Again I breath and write once more when the devil makes his appearance and says that unless he can have a new brush, basket and some soap I can clean my own dirty type and rollers. I look at him and say, get the behind me for it is written that thou shall not tease or disturb the editor while writing. I attend the lecture at the prehistoric and tell them it would be much better for them to see that the poor widows had a little coal to burn, and some meal in the barrel, and that the young hoodlums were sent to school instead of learning to smoke and swear on the street corners, I left them to fathom the excavation of the North Pole hole, hurried to my sanctum and again set down to finish my Piede Popery by half past twelve and I take my article to the press room, weary and care worn I set down by the dying embers, indulge in a little old bread, strong butter and weak tea;

then seek to rest a few short hours to meet the toils of another day. I sleep, "sweet sleep, tired nature's great restorer." I dream that my wife has got the bonnet and the baby carriage, the old subscriptions are all paid, no more butchers' bills came and that I see a lovely bright form beckoning me to regions of supreme bliss speaking in tones of silvery sweetness: "Oh, Simpkins, quick, hurry, get up, oh, do be quick, the bed cord has broken and the wet nurse has flopped right on top of one of the dear twins! Oh, dear! where's the matches and there's no oil in the lamp!" I take the dear struggler from the upward pressure and place it beside of its dear ma and pace the room round and round for two mortal hours singing "Oh, it nice to be a father," the cock crows and warns me that daylight is coming and I must hurry to the sanctum and write, and write and write. Oh, what a weary life and yet madam you assert that it is nothing to edit a paper. Just try it for one week only and I'll venture at the expiration of that time there won't be enough hair on your head to hold a second hand hair pin, and more lines in your face than in the map of Mississippi.

TUMP.

Murders By Cowards.

There seldom is a murder committed by a brave man. Most murderers are cowards. There seems to be at present a mania sweeping over the land leading men to kill their wives and children. In such cases it frequently happens that the man winds up the business by putting a bullet in his own brain. It is always unfortunate that he puts off his own killing until the last. Had he begun with himself the others would have been saved. It requires no bravery for a man to fire a shot into the heart of her whom he has promised to love and protect, and who is weak, wholly unarmed, and having no warning of the murderous intent. It is the cowardly tiger in his nature that causes him to spring upon the innocent and helpless. There is but one class of murders that is more cowardly and base, and that is where young men kill those who refuse to marry them. The heart that could conceive of such a killing is black indeed. There is no manhood in his makeup. He is not only a villain by nature, but one of the most dastardly character. The very act proves that the lady was right in rejecting him, for it would have been hell upon earth to have been wedded to him.

The wretches who perpetrate these crimes try to work them-